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30 cents. BOOTH'S SERIES OF ACTING PLAYS. No. 6.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S

TRAGEDY OF

BRUTUS

OR

THE FALL OF TARQUIN

AS PRODUCED BY

EDWIN BOOTH.

Adapted from the Text of the Author's Edition, with Introductory Remarks, &c.,

By HENRY L. HINTON.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HURD & HOUGHTON,
459 BROOME STREET.

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INTRODUCTION

John Howard Payne, the originator of quite a number of dramatic works, several of which are still occasionally played, is the author, or more properly speaking, the compiler of *Brutus*, for the play is made up almost entirely from dramatic works which are now no longer known to the stage; and were it not for the genius of actors such as Edmund Kean and the elder Booth, it is to be feared that the present production would never have taken the place it still holds on the stage. If, however, it has but slender literary merit, it nevertheless affords good opportunity for dramatic effect.

In the present adaptation, that portion of Scene II., Act 3d, in which Lucretia's death is exhibited, which was subsequently cut out at the instance of Edmund Kean,—who perhaps found it an interference with his own prominence in the same scene,—has been restored.

The play was first memorably produced in this country at the 'Eagle,' 'a theatre in Boston,' says the author of *The Tragedian*, 'about as large as the "Globe" theatre in London, in which Shakespeare had a share, and in which Shakespeare played.' 'Good society,' continues the writer, 'shunned the "Globe." There is no evidence that Lord Bacon—

"Large-browed Verulam,"

ever set foot in it. When Shakespeare's company played before the Queen, it was at the palace, and not at the play-house. The "Globe" was not fashionable. Neither was the "Eagle." A few gray heads, whose hearts continued warm; a few critical brains; a few enthusiastic youths; and the remainder of the little cockpit was filled up by that crowd which the seething city spills after nightfall into its places of amusement. Bounded in that nutshell, Hamlet became king of the infinite space of thought; Richard

found "ample room and verge enough" for his vast ambition; and there took place the most intense and memorable representation of John Howard Payne's tragedy of *Brutus, or the Roman Father*.'

The creations of the actors of the past live only in tradition. Thus Garrick lives through Davies his biographer, and by many of us the genius of Kean and Booth can only be caught, as it were, on the rebound, through Hazlitt and Gould. The latter, in the work from which we have just quoted, speaks thus of the elder Booth's presentation of the part of Brutus, at the theatre above mentioned:

'Booth enters running, and is called by some other character on the scene, to minister to his amusement. The rounded back, the blank face, the restless, aimless motion of the hands, enacted folly to the life. Moved by his evil genius, Tarquin reports for pastime to Brutus, the details of his crime, beginning with the remark, "that will fill the fool with wonder." Brutus replies—

"You can say nothing that would make me wonder."

Before the last word he made a slight pause, his looks grew keen, he uttered the word "wonder" with an ominous and penetrating accent, then leaned to listen.

'During Tarquin's recital, Booth's eyes kindled with a strange blue light. His back straightened. He stood, crowned with reason, and on fire with indignation; and thus transformed as into a strong avenging angel (Tarquin's story done), he hurled upon him an anathema, the agony of which should last "millions of years."

'Never shall we forget that speech. Every fibre of his frame seemed to contribute to swell the energy of his voice. And all the elements of his voice—

"Constringed in mass,"

burst upon the astonished and terrified offender. Nor can we forget Booth's pale and terrible face, nor the lightning of his glance, nor the unexpected, but most dramatic movement which supplemented the speech. While speaking he stood still, towering above his victim; but after the words "millions of years," he began to stride down the stage. The power which had animated his voice was transferred to his action, and he literally occupied the little stage, treading it transversely to the extreme corner, as if he would pass over among the audience; then turning abruptly, he strode up

again to the other extreme, a fearful play of look and feature, betraying meanwhile a silent, inward, growing, and tremendous resolution.

'We next find him in the public square, addressing the citizens, over the body of Lucretia. There was no elocution in his speech. It was rough in voice, half choked with feeling. The manner was at the farthest removed from that of an opera singer listening to his own musical grief. But his tones seemed the outcry of a torn and bleeding heart, and in them a noble anger strove with and finally overmastered the softer emotions.

'It is safe to affirm that no passage in any performance of his, either in or out of Shakespeare, exhibited a greater intensity of dramatic conception, or a more thorough accord of utterance and action, than did the closing scene of this play. The Roman costume left head, neck, and arms bare. There might be seen swift changes of color; swifter and subtler movements of head and feature—now quivering and writhing with emotion, now fixed in immovable resolve. To watch this varied movement would have satisfied the deaf. To listen to the accompanying tones—often inarticulate heart-cries, wrung thence by the passion of the hour, would have given mental vision to the blind.'

COSTUME.

The action of this play belongs to an early epoch of Roman history, 509 B. C.,—a period when the Roman costume had not yet assumed all its familiar classic features. The degree of deviation, however, from the recognized types cannot be determined with precision. The following abstract, from Hope's *Costume of the Ancients*, will portray the general characteristics for Roman attire, with some of its historic modifications. In preparing *Julius Cæsar* for the stage, we shall furnish additional details.

The pre-eminent dress of the Romans, and which distinguished them in the most marked way, as well from the Greeks as from the barbarians, was the toga. This they seem to have derived from their neighbors the Etrurians; and it may be called their true national garb. In the earliest ages of Rome, it appears to have been worn by the women as well as by the men, by the lowest orders as well as by the highest, at home as well as abroad, in the country as well as in town. Love of novelty probably

caused it first to be relinquished by the women; next, motives of convenience, by the men in lower stations; and afterward, fondness of ease and constraint, even by the men of higher rank, when enjoying the obscurity of private life, or the retirement of the country. The material of the toga was wool; the color, in early ages, its own natural yellowish hue. In later periods this seems, however, only to have been retained in the togas of the higher orders—inferior persons wearing theirs dyed, and candidates for public offices bleached by an artificial process. In times of mourning the toga was worn black, or was left off altogether. The tunic, of later introduction among the Romans than the toga, was regarded as a species of luxury, and was discarded by those who displayed and affected humility, such as candidates and others. The tunic of the men only reached half way down the thigh, longer tunics being regarded in the male sex as a mark of effeminacy, and left to women and to eastern nations. The inferior functionaries at sacrifices wore the tunic without the toga; so did the soldiers, when in the camp. The tunic of senators was edged round, or striped down the front with a broad purple border, called laticlavus; and that of the knights with a narrow purple border, called augusti-clavus.

The pallium, or mantle of the Greeks, from its being less cumbersome and trailing than the toga of the Romans, by degrees superseded the latter in the country and in the camp. When worn over armor, and fastened on the right shoulder with a clasp or button, this cloak assumed the name of paludamentum. The common people used to wear a sort of cloak made of very coarse brown wool, and provided with a hood, which was called cucullus.

The Roman ladies wore, by way of under-garment, a long tunic descending to the feet, and more peculiarly denominated *stola*. This vestment assumed all the variety of modification displayed in the corresponding attire of the Grecian females. Over the stola, they also adopted the Grecian peplum, under the name of palla; which palla, however, was never worn among the Romans, as the peplum was among the Greeks, by men. This external covering, as may be observed in the statues of Roman empresses, displayed the same varieties of drapery or throw at Rome as at Athens.

The *togati* seem to have worn a sort of short boot or shoe, with straps crossed over the instep, called calceus. The foot covering of the ladies at first had the same shape; but by degrees this latter assumed all the varieties of form of the Grecian sandal. Like all other nations in whom were

combined great means and opulence wherewith to foment the exuberances of fashion, and little taste through which to check its pruriencies, the Romans carried to a great pitch the shapeless extravagances of some parts of their attire, as may be seen in the absurd head-dresses of the busts of Roman matrons, preserved in the Capitol.

The armor of the Romans seems chiefly to have been that of the Greeks of the same periods. The helmet with the fixed visor, and which required being thrown back in its whole, in order to uncover the face, fell very early into disuse in the very heart of Greece itself, and never appears on Roman figures. On these the cuirass, or *lorica*, when belonging to distinguished personages, generally follows the outline of the abdomen, and appears hammered out into all the natural convexities and concavities of the human body. One or more rows of straps, richly adorned and fringed, descended, by way of protection, not only over the thighs, but also down the upper arms. The cuirass of the common soldiers often was cut simply round, and destitute of such straps. Sometimes this latter was formed of metal hoops or plates, sliding over each other; sometimes of small scales, equally pliant, and sometimes of a plain surface of metal or leather. The Roman soldiers wore no greaves, but either used sandals tied with strings, or short boots laced before, and lined with the skin of some animal, of which the muzzle and claws were displayed as an ornamental finish. The Roman shield seems never to have resembled the large round buckler used by the Greeks, nor the crescent-shaped one peculiar to the Asiatics, but to have offered an oblong square, or an oval, or a hexagon, or an octagon. The cavalry alone wore a circular shield, but of small dimensions, called parma. Each different legion had its peculiar device marked on its shields. As offensive weapons, the Romans had a sword, of somewhat greater length than that of the Greeks; a longer spear, of which they never quitted their hold; and a short javelin, which they used to throw to a distance. Their armies were, moreover, provided with archers and with slingers.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Of this adaptation of *Brutus* as cast for its first representation at Booth's Theatre, New York, ————————.

SEXTUS, ARUNS, CLAUDIUS, } sons to Tarquinius Superbus, king of Rome. { ———— ———— ————

COLLATINUS, their cousin ————

LUCIUS JUNIUS, afterward Brutus, nephew to Tarquinius ————

TITUS, his son ————

VALERIUS, LUCRETIUS, HORATIUS, CELIUS, } Romans of patrician rank. { ———— ———— ———— ————

FLAVIUS CORUNNA, a Roman general ————

A Centurion ———— A Messenger ————

First Roman ———— Second Roman ————

Third Roman ————

TULLA, wife to Tarquinius ————

TARQUINIA, her daughter ————

LUCRETIA, wife to Collatinus ————

LAVINIA, her maid ————

A Priestess ———— A Vestal ————

Vestals, Attendants, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; Collatia; The Camp before Ardea.*

BRUTUS;

OR,

THE FALL OF TARQUIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter VALERIUS *and* LUCRETIUS.

Val. Words are too feeble to express the horror
With which my soul revolts against this Tarquin:
By poison he obtained his brother's wife,
Then, by a baser murder, grasped the crown.
These eyes beheld the aged monarch, thrown
Down from the senate-house, his feeble limbs
Bruised by the pavement, his time-honoured locks,
Which from the very robber would have gained
Respect and veneration, bathed in blood:
With difficulty raised, and tottering homeward,
The murderers followed—struck him, and he died.

Luc. Inexpiable crime!

Val. High in her regal chariot Tullia came.
The corpse lay in the street; the charioteer
Turned back the reins in horror. 'On, slave, on!
Shall dead men stop my passage to a throne'?

Exclaimed the parricide. The gore was dashed
From the hot wheels up to her diadem.

Luc. And heaven's avenging lightnings were withheld.
Here rules this Tullia, while the king, her husband,
Wastes our best blood in giddy, guilty war.
Spirit of Marcus Junius! would the gods
Deign to diffuse thy daring through the land,
Rome from her trance with giant spirit would start,
Dash off her fetters, and amaze the world.

Val. Junius, didst say? O tyranny long since
Had sunk, chained—buried in its native hell!
But Tarquin, trembling at his virtues, murdered
Him and his elder son. The younger, Lucius,
Then on his travels, 'scaped the tyrant's sword,
But lost his reason at their fearful fall.

Luc. Ay, the same Lucius, who now dwells with Tarquin,
The jest, the fool, the laughing-stock o' th' court
Whom the young princes always carry with 'em
To be the butt of their unfeeling mirth.

Val. Hold! I hear steps. Great things may yet be done,
If we are men and faithful to our country. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The camp before Ardea.*

Enter CLAUDIUS *and* ARUNS, *laughing.*

Aru. There is no doctor for the spleen like Lucius.
What precious scenes of folly did he act
When, lately, through the glorious scenes of Greece,
He went with us to Delphi! But behold,
Where, full of business, his wise worship comes.

Enter LUCIUS JUNIUS.

Clau. Whither so fast, good Junius, tell us whither?

Luc. To Rome, to Rome—the queen demands my presence.
The state needs aid, and I am called to court [*They laugh.*

Am I a fool? If so, you cannot say
I'm the first fool graced by a monarch's favour.
Aru. Why, Junius, travel has improved thy wit:
Thou speakest shrewdly.
Luc. Do I so, my lord?
I'm always glad when you and I agree;
You have just such a wit as I should choose.
Would I could purchase such! though it might split
My head, as confined air does—water bubbles!
Clau. How say you? Purchase? Prithee, what wouldst give?
Luc. What would I give?—ten acres of my land.
Aru. Thy land! Where lies it?
Luc. Ask the king, my cousin:
He knows full well. I thank him, he's my steward,
And takes the trouble off my hands.
Clau. Who told thee so?
Luc. The king himself. Now twenty years are past,
Or more, since he sent for me from my farm.
'Kinsman,' said he, with a kind, gracious smile,
'For the black crime of treason which was charged
Against thy father and thy elder brother,
Their lives have paid: for thee, as I love mercy,
Live and be happy: simple is thy mind'—
Aru. True, kinsman, true—i'faith, 'tis wondrous simple.
Luc. 'And that simplicity will be a pledge
That thou wilt never plot against thy sovereign.'
Clau. Indeed, for that I'll be thy bondsman, Junius.
Luc. 'Live in my house, companion of my children.
As for thy land, to ease thee of all care,
I'll take it for thy use; all that I ask
Of thee is gratitude.'
Aru. And art thou not
Grateful for goodness so unmerited?
Luc. Am I not? Never, by the holy gods,
Will I forget it! 'Tis my constant prayer

To heaven, that I may one day have the power
To pay the debt I owe him. But stay, stay—
I brought a message to you from the king.

Aru. Thank the gods, then, for thy good memory, fool!

Luc. The king, your father, sends for you to council,
Where he debates how best to conquer Ardea.
Shall I before, and tell him ye are coming?

Clau. Ay, or behind, or with us, or stay here,
As thy wits prompt, as suits thy lofty pleasure.

[*Exeunt Aruns and Claudius, laughing.*

Luc. Yet, 'tis not that which ruffles me: the gibes
And scornful mockeries of ill-governed youth,
Or flouts of dastard sycophants and jesters—
Reptiles, who lay their bellies on the dust
Before the frown of majesty.—All this
I but expect, nor grudge to bear; the face
I carry, courts it! Son of Marcus Junius,
When will the tedious gods permit thy soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty,
And throw this vizor of thy madness from thee,
To avenge my father's and my brother's murder?—
And sweet, I must confess, would be the draught!—
Had this been all, a thousand opportunities
I've had to strike the blow, and my own life
I had not valued as a rush; but still
There's something nobler to be done!—My soul,
Enjoy the strong conception!—O 'tis glorious
To free a groaning country,
To see Revenge
Spring like a lion from the den, and tear
These hunters of mankind. Grant but the time,
Grant but the moment, gods! If I am wanting,
May I drag out this idiot-feigned life
To late old age, and may posterity
Ne'er hear of Junius but as Tarquin's fool! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Rome. A state apartment in the palace of Tullia.*

Enter TULLIA, *preceded by* Guards, Ladies, *and other* Attendants, *and followed by* VALERIUS.

Tul. [*Aside*] Why should the steady mind to shadows yield?
And yet this vision shakes my frame with horror!
I thought his spirit thundered in my ear,
'Remember when, with wild ambition's frenzy
And all Rome's empire in your view, you drove
Your chariot-wheels o'er your dead father's body,
Up to the shouting Forum!' Why, my soul,
Dost thou not shun the remembrance of that hour?
'Twas but the cause, the cause; for this base clay,
How differs it from the dull earth we tread on,
When the life's gone? But next, the Sibyl came,
Whose mystic book at such a price we bought,
And cried, 'The race of Tarquin shall be kings
Till a fool drive them hence, and set Rome free!'
Strange prophecy! What fool? It cannot be
That poor dolt, the companion of my sons!
Hark thee, Valerius; know'st thou that same fool
Now in the camp?

Val. I know him well,—a man
Who, when he had a name, was Lucius Junius:
A braver citizen Rome never boasted,
And wise and learned withal; now changed, alas!—
A spectacle which humbles me to look on!

Tul. But is he harmless in his moody humours?

Val. Tame as my horse, which, though devoid of reason,
Shall turn, shall stop, and at my angry bidding
Shall kneel till I am throned on his back!
And this shall Junius: the like instinct stirs
Junius and him, no more.

Tul. [*Aside*] Hence, idle fears!
Yet, when he went to Delphi, 'tis given out

The oracle addressed him with strange portents,
And each night since, my dreams have been disturbed
By a wild form, too much resembling his,
Leading our soldiers forth with sword and flame,
Revolters from the camp, to storm the palace.
But he is sent from thence, and shall be watched.

Enter HORATIUS.

Hor. Your orders are obeyed: Lucius awaits.
Tul. Set him before us. [*Exit Horatius.*
[*To Valerius*] Tell me, will he answer
If we do question him?
Val. I think he will:
Yet sometimes, when the moody fit doth take him,
He will not speak for days; yea, rather starve
Than utter nature's cravings; then, anon
He'll prattle shrewdly, with such witty folly
As almost betters reason.

HORATIUS *returns with* LUCIUS JUNIUS.

Tul. Hark thee, fellow,
How art thou called?
Luc. A fool.
Tul. Fool, for thy nature:
Thou answerest well,—but I demand thy name.
Luc. Nothing but fool.
Tul. His faculties are brutish.
BRUTUS shall be thy name.
Bru. Thanks to your grace.
Hor. Dost like thy new name, gentle brute?
Bru. So well,
Who will may take the fool, I care not who—
Your highness, an' it like you.
Hor. I the fool!
Sirrah, good words, or I will have thee beaten.

Bru. A fool thou wilt not beat, a brute thou dar'st not,
For the dull ass will kick against his striker,
If struck too harshly.
Tul. Let me hear no more;
There's mischief in his folly. Send him hence.
But stay, I'll search him farther. Hark thee, Brutus:
Thou wast at Delphi, with our sons the princes;
Tell me what questions put they to Apollo?
Bru. Your sons did ask who should be chief in Rome.
Tul. Ha! What replied the oracle to that?
Bru. With pains and strugglings the prophetic dame
This destiny reported from her god—
'Great and most glorious shall that Roman be,
Who first shall greet his mother with a kiss.'
Tul. That is fulfilled by Sextus.
Hor. Ay, he straight
Hastened from thence and kissed the queen his mother.
Bru. Woe for me, I have no mother!
And yet I kissed her first.
Tul. Thou kissed her? Thou?
Bru. Yea, madam; for just then my foot did slip
In the fresh blood of a new-slaughtered victim,
And, falling, I did kiss my mother—earth.
Tul. O that the earth had swallowed thee outright
Till thou hadst kissed the centre! I perceive,
The gods are leagued with folly to destroy us.
My very blood chills at my heart. Away!
[*Exit Tullia and Attendants.*
Hor. Hark thee, thou Brutus. I in part suspect
Thou ap'st this folly; if I find thee trifling
Or juggling with the Pythia for predictions,
By all the gods, I'll have thee flayed, thy skin
Stripped into thongs, to strangle thee withal.
Dissembling varlet! [*Strikes Brutus, who seizes him.*
Val. Shame, my lord! forbear!

Threat'ning a fool, you do but wrong yourself.
Hor. But that the princes love his son, brave Titus,
My dagger should have pierced his throat ere now
And sent him to his mother earth forever!
He shall be watched. Come, come with me, Valerius. [*Exit*
Val. The gods restore thee, Brutus, to thyself,
And us to thee! [*Exit*
Bru. A little longer,
A little longer yet support me, patience!
The day draws on: it presses to the birth,
I see it in the forming womb of time,—
The embryo liberty. Ha, 'tis my son!
Down, rebel nature, down!

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Welcome to Rome!
Would I might welcome thee to reason, too!
Bru. Give me thy hand, nay, give it me.
Tit. What wouldst thou?
Speak to thy son.
Bru. I had a thing to say,
But I have lost it. Let it pass, no matter.
Tit. Look not upon me with those eyes, but speak;
What is it that annoys thee? tell thy friend,
How can I serve thee? What dost lack?
Bru. Preferment.
Thou canst do much at court.
Tit. Ah, this is nothing!
Bru. So much the fitter for a fool's petition,
And a court promise.
Tit. O, this trifling racks me.
Bru. Lend me thine ear: I'll tell a secret to thee
Worth a whole city's ransom. This it is—
Nay, ponder it, and lock it in thy heart—
There are more fools, my son, in this wise world,

Than the gods ever made.
Tit. Say'st thou, my father?
Expound this riddle. If thy mind doth harbour
Aught that imports a son like me to know,
Or, knowing, to achieve, declare it.
Bru. Now, my son,
Should the great gods, who made me what thou see'st,
Repent, and in their vengeance cast upon me
The burden of my senses back again,
What wouldst thou say?
Tit. O, my lamented father,
Would the kind gods restore thee to thy reason—
Bru. Then, Titus, then I should be mad with reason.
Had I the sense to know myself a Roman,
This hand should tear this heart from out my ribs,
Ere it should own allegiance to a tyrant.
If, therefore, thou dost love me, pray the gods
To keep me what I am. Where all are slaves,
None but the fool is happy.
Tit. We are Romans,
Not slaves—
Bru. Not slaves? Why, what art thou?
Tit. Thy son.
Dost thou not know me?
Bru. You abuse my folly.
I know thee not. Wert thou my son, ye gods,
Thou wouldst tear off this sycophantic robe,
Tuck up thy tunic, trim these curled locks
To the short warrior-cut, vault on thy steed;
Then, scouring through the city, call to arms,
And shout for liberty!
Tit. [*Starts*] Defend me, gods!
Bru. Ha! does it stagger thee?
Tit. For liberty?
Said'st thou for liberty? It cannot be.

Bru. Indeed! 'Tis well—no more.
Tit. What would my father?
Bru. Begone! you trouble me.
Tit. Nay, do not scorn me.
Bru. Said I, for liberty? I said it not:
The awful word, breathed in a coward's ear,
Were sacrilege to utter. Hence, begone!
Said I, you were my son? 'Tis false; I'm foolish;
My brain is weak, and wanders; you abuse it.
Tit. Ah, do not leave me; not in anger leave me.
Bru. Anger? What's that? I am content with folly:
Anger is madness, and above my aim! [*Music heard.*
Hark! here is music for thee,—food for love,
And beauty to serve in the rich repast.
Tarquinia comes. Go, worship the bright sun,
And let poor Brutus wither in the shade. [*Exit.*
Tit. O truly said! bright as the golden sun
Tarquinia's beauty beams, and I adore! [*Soft music.*

TARQUINIA *enters, preceded by* Damsels *bearing a crown of gold, some with censers, &c., proper for the ceremonials of a dedication to Fortune.*

What dedication, or what holy service,
Doth the fair client of the gods provide?
In the celestial synod is there one
Who will not listen to Tarquinia's prayer?
Tar. I go to Fortune's temple, to suspend
Upon the votive shrine this golden crown.
While incense fills the fane, and holy hymns
Are chaunted for my brother's safe return,
What shall I ask for Titus?
Tit. Though the goddess,
In her blind bounty, should unthrone the world,
To build me one vast empire, my ambition,
If by thy love unblest, would slight the gift:

Therefore of Fortune I have nought to ask;
She hath no interest in Tarquinia's heart;
Nature, not Fortune, must befriend me there.

Tar. Thy gentle manners, Titus, have endeared thee,
Although a subject Roman, to Tarquinia.
My brother Sextus wears thee next his heart;
The queen herself, of all our courtly youth,
First in her favour holds the noble Titus;
And though my royal father well may keep
A jealous eye upon thy Junian race,—
A race unfriendly to the name of king,—
Yet thee he cherishes; with generous joy
The monarch sees thy early virtue shoot,
And with a parent's fondness rears its growth.

Tit. O neither name, nor nature, nor the voice
Of my lost father, could he wake to reason,
Not all the wrongs that tyranny could pile
On my afflicted head, not all the praise
That patriot gratitude could shower upon me,
Can shake the faithful purpose of my soul,
To sever it from love and my Tarquinia.

Tar. Approve that firmness in the shock of trial,
And if my love can recompense thy virtue,
Nor tortures, nor temptations, nor the wreck
Of Rome and empire, shall divide me from thee.
To this I pledge my hand. Now to the temple! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The tent of Sextus in the camp before Ardea. A banquet.*

SEXTUS, COLLATINUS, CLAUDIUS, *and* ARUNS *discovered, drinking.*

Sex. Come, then, here's to the fairest nymph in Italy;
And she's in Rome.

Aru. Here's to the fairest nymph in Italy ;
And she is not in Rome.
Sex. Where is she then ?
Aru. Ask Collatine ; he'll swear she's at Collatia.
Sex. His wife !
Aru. Even so.
Clau. Is it so, Collatine ?
Well, 'tis praiseworthy, in this vicious age,
To see a young man true to his own spouse.
O, 'tis a vicious age ! When I behold
One who is bold enough to steer against
The wind of tide and custom, I behold him
With veneration. 'Tis a vicious age !
Col. Laugh on, though I'm the subject ! If to love
My wife's ridiculous, I'll join the laugh ;
Though I'll not say if I laugh at or with you !
Aru. The conscious wood was witness to his sighs,
The conscious Dryads wiped their watery eyes,
For they beheld the wight forlorn, to-day,
And so did I ;—but I shall not betray.
Here now he is, however, thanks to me,
That is, his semblance, for his soul dwells hence.
How was it when you parted ? She : 'My love,
Fear not, good sooth, I'll very constant prove.'
He : 'And so will I, for whereso'er I steer,
'Tis but my mortal clay ; my soul is here.'
Sex. And prithee, Collatine, in what array
Did the god Hymen come to thee ? how dressed,
And how equipped ? I fear me much, he left
His torch behind, so that thou couldst not see
A fault in thy beloved ; or was the blaze
So burning bright, that thy bedazzled eyes
Have since refused their office ?
Col. And doth Sextus
Judge by his own experience, then, of others ?

To him, I make no doubt, hath Hymen's torch
Discovered faults enough; what pity 'twas
He had not likewise brought i' th' other hand
A mirror, where the prince might read himself.

Sex. I like thee now: thou'rt gay, and I'll be grave.
As to those dear, delicious creatures, women,
Hear what my own experience has taught me:
I've ever found 'em fickle, artful, amorous,
Fruitful in schemes to please their changeful fancies,
And fruitful in resources when discovered.
They love unceasingly, they never change—
O, never!—no!—excepting in the object.
Love of new faces is their first great passion;
Then love of riches, grandeur, and attention.
Knowing all this, I seek not constancy,
But, to anticipate their wishes, rove,
Humour their darling passion, and am blest.

Col. This is the common cant—the stale, gross, idle,
Unmeaning jargon, of all those, who, conscious
Of their own littleness of soul, avoid
With timid eye the face of modest virtue;
Who, mingling only with the base, and flushed
With triumphs over those they dare attack,
The weak, the forward, or depraved, declare—
And fain would make their shallow notions current—
That womankind are all alike, and hoot
At virtue, wheresoe'er she passes by them.
I have seen sparks like these, and I have seen
A little worthless village cur, all night
Bay with incessant noise the silver moon,
While she, serene, throned in her pearled car,
Sailed in full state along; but Sextus' judgement
Owns not his words, and the resemblance glances
On others, not on him.

Sex. Let it glance where and upon whom it will,

Sextus is mighty careless of the matter.
Now hear what I have seen. I've seen young men,
Who, having fancied they have found perfection—
Col. Sextus, no more—lest I forget myself,
And thee. I tell thee, prince—
Aru. Nay, hold!
Sextus, you go too far.
Sex. Why, pray, good sir, may I not praise the wife
Of this same testy, froward husband here,
But on his cheek offence must quivering sit?
And dreamed of insult!—the abortive child
Of misconstruction, whose near-sighted eye
Discerns not jest from real!
Col. I heed you not—jest on; I'll aid your humour:
Let Aruns use me for his princely laughter,
Let Claudius deck me with ironic praise;
But when you touch a nearer, dearer subject,
Perish the man, nay, may he doubly perish,
Who can sit still, and hear, with skulking coolness,
The least abuse, or shadow of a slight,
Cast on the woman whom he loves! though here
Your praise or blame are pointless equally,
Nor really add the least, nor take away
From her true value, more than they could add
To th' holy gods.
Aru. If that a man might dare to ope his lips
When Collatinus frowns, I would presume
To say one word in praise of my own wife;
And I will say, could our eyes stretch to Rome,
In spite of the perfections of Lucretia,
My wife, who loves her fireside, and hates gadding,
Would prove far otherwise employed—and better,
Ay, better, as a woman, than the deity
Residing at Collatia.
Sex. [*Aside*] Well timed! I'll seize th' occasion,

View this Lucretia ere I sleep, and satisfy
My senses whether fame has told the truth.
I'll stake my life on't—let us mount our horses,
And post away this instant towards Rome—
That we shall find thy wife, and his, and his,
Making the most of this, their liberty.
Why 'tis the sex: enjoying to the full
The swing of licence which their husbands' absence
Affords. I'll stake my life that this is true,
And that my own—ill as I may deserve it—
Knows her state best, keeps best within the bounds
Her matron duties claim, that she's at home,
While yours are feasting at their neighbours' houses.
What say'st thou, Collatine, on rioting at home?

Col. Had I two lives, I'ld stake them on the trial,
Nor fear to live both out.

Sex. Let us away.
Come, come, my Collatinus, droop not thus,
Be gay.

Col. I am not sad—

Sex. But fearful for th' event.

Col. Not in the least.

Sex. A little.

Col. Not a whit:
You do not know Lucretia.

Sex. But we shall.
Let's lose no time. Come, brothers, let's away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Collatia. The house of Collatinus. An apartment lighted up.*

LUCRETIA *discovered, attended by* LAVINIA *and* Maids, *all employed in embroidery and other female occupations.*

Luc. How long is it, Lavinia, since my lord

Hath changed his peaceful mansion for the camp
And restless scenes of war?

Lav. Why in my simple estimation, madam,
'Tis some ten days or thereabout, for time
Runs as it should with me; in yours, it may be
Perhaps ten years.

Luc. I do not understand thee.
Say'st thou, with me time runs not as it should?
Explain thy meaning,—what should make thee think so.

Lav. All that I mean is, that if I were married,
And that my husband were called forth to th' wars,
I should not stray through the grove next my house,
Invoke the pensive solitude, and woo
The dull and silent melancholy, brood
O'er my own thoughts alone, or keep myself
Within my house mewed up, a prisoner.
'Tis for philosophers
To love retirement; women were not made
To stand cooped up like statues in a niche,
Or feed on their own secret contemplations.

Luc. Go to, thou know'st not what thou say'st, Lavinia.
I thank the gods, who taught me that the mind,
Possessed of conscious virtue, is more rich
Than all the sumless hoards which Plutus boasts;
And that the chiefest glory of a woman
Is in retirement, that her highest comfort
Results from home-born and domestic joys,
Her noblest treasure a deserving husband;
Who, not a prisoner to the eye alone,
A fair complexion or melodious voice,
Shall read her deeper, nor shall time, which palls
The rage of passion, shake his ardent love,
Increasing by possession. This,—again I thank
The gracious gods,—this husband, too, is mine!
Soft, I hear footsteps! Hour of rapture! Look!
My life, my love, my Collatinus comes!

Enter COLLATINUS, CLAUDIUS, ARUNS, *and* SEXTUS.

My lord, most welcome!
Col. Welcome these, my friends,
Lucretia!—our right royal master's sons;
Passing this way, I have prevailed with them
To grace our humble mansion.
Luc. Welcome yourself,
And doubly welcome, that you bring such friends.
Haste, maidens, haste, make ready for our guests!
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
My heart is full of joy!
Aru. Rather, fair lady,
You should be angry that unseasonably,
And with abrupt intrusion, we've thus broke
Upon your privacy.
Luc. No, my good lord;
Those to whom love and my respect are due,
Can ne'er intrude upon me; had I known
This visit, you, perhaps, might have been treated
With better cheer, not a more kind reception.
This evening little did I think my house
Would have possessed such lodgers.
Clau. Rather, lady,
Such birds of passage; we must hence to-night.
Luc. To-night? Doth not my lord say no to that?
Col. I would, Lucretia; but it cannot be.
If aught the house affords, my dearest love,
To set before your guests, I pray prepare it:
We must be at the camp ere morning dawn.
An hour or two will be the utmost limit
Allowed us here.
Luc. With all the speed I can,
I'll play the caterer; though I am tempted,

Would that delay your journey, to be tardy,
And prove a sluggish housewife. [*Exit.*

Sex. This is indeed a wife! Here the dispute
Must end;
And, Collatinus, we must yield to thee!

Aru. I will not envy thee; but 'tis a wife
Of wives,—a precious diamond, picked
From out the common pebbles. To have found her
At work among her maids at this late hour,
And not displeased at our rude interruption!
Not to squeeze out a quaint apology,
As, 'I am quite ashamed—so unprepared—
Who could have thought—would I had known of it!'
And such like tacit hints, to tell her guests
She wishes them away. Thou'rt happy, Collatine.

Col. Enough, enough!
The gods forbid I should affect indifference,
And say you flatter me. I am most happy.
But Sextus heeds us not; he seems quite lost.

Sex. Pray, pardon me:
My mind was in the camp. How wine could heat us
To such a mad exploit, at such a time,
Is shameful to reflect on: let us mount
This instant, and return.

Col. Now we are here,
We shall encroach but little on our time,
If we partake the slender fare together
Which will, by this, await us. Pray, my lords,
This way. [*Exit.*

Sex. Along! I'll follow straight.
[*Exeunt Aruns and Claudius.*

Had she staid here till now, I should have done
Nothing but gaze. Nymphs, goddesses
Are fables; nothing can, in heaven or earth,
Be half so fair. But there's no hope! Her face,

Her look, her eye, her manners, speak a heart
Unknowing of deceit; a soul of honour,
Where frozen chastity has fixed her throne,
And unpolluted nuptial sanctity.
Peace, undigested thoughts! Down, down! till, ripened
By further time, ye bloom! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. The capitol. Equestrian statue of Tarquinius Superbus. Night. Thunder and lightning.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. Slumber forsakes me, and I court the horrors
Which night and tempest swell on every side.
Launch forth thy thunders, Capitolian Jove!
Put fire into the languid souls of men;
Let loose thy ministers of wrath amongst them,
And crush the vile oppressor! Strike him down,
Ye lightnings! Lay his trophies in the dust! [*Storm increases.*
Ha! this is well! Flash, ye blue-forked fires!
Loud-bursting thunders, roar! and tremble, earth!
[*A violent crash of thunder, and the statue of Tarquin, struck by a flash, is shattered to pieces.*
What! fallen at last, proud idol, struck to earth!
I thank you, gods! I thank you! When you point
Your shafts at human pride, it is not chance,
'Tis wisdom levels the commissioned blow.
But I—a thing of no account—a slave—
I to your forked lightnings bare my bosom
In vain, for what's a slave—a dastard slave—
A fool, a Brutus? [*Storm increases.*] Hark! the storm rides on,
The scolding winds drive through the clattering rain,
And loudly screams the haggard witch of night.

Strange hopes possess my soul. My thoughts grow wild,
Engender with the scene, and pant for action.
With your leave, majesty, I'll sit beside you,
And ruminate awhile. [*Sits on a fragment of the statue.*
O for a cause! A cause, ye mighty gods!
Soft, what stir is this?

Enter VALERIUS, *followed by a* Messenger.

Val. What! Collatinus sent for, didst thou say?
Mes. Ay, Collatinus, thou, and all her kinsmen,
To come upon the instant to Collatia;
She will take no denial. Time is precious,
And I must hasten forth to bring her husband. [*Exit.*
Bru. [*Aside*] Ha! Collatinus and Lucretia's kinsmen!
There's something sure in this. Valerius, too!
Well met. Now will I put him to the test.
Valerius, Ho!
Val. Who calls me?
Bru. Brutus.
Val. Go,
Get thee to bed! [*Valerius is departing.*
Bru. Valerius!
Val. Peace,
Thou foolish thing! Why dost thou call so loud?
Bru. Because I will be heard! The time may come
When thou mayst want a fool.
Val. Prithee, begone!
I have no time to hear thy prattle now.
Bru. By Hercules, but you must hear. [*Seizing his arm.*
Val. You'll anger me.
Bru. Waste not your noble anger on a fool!
'Twere a brave passion in a better cause.
Val. Thy folly's cause enough.
Bru. Rail not at folly,
There's but one wise, and him the gods have killed.

Val. Killed? Whom?
Bru. Behold!
O, sight of pity! Majesty in ruins!
Down on your knees, down to your kingly idol!
Val. Let slaves and sycophants do that. Not I!
Bru. Wilt thou not kneel?
Val. Begone;
Valerius kneels not to the living Tarquin.
Bru. Indeed! Belike you wish him laid as low?
Val. What if I do?
Bru. Jove tells thee what to do—
Strike! O the difference 'twixt Jove's wrath and thine!
He, at the crowned tyrant aims his shaft;
Thou, mighty man, wouldst frown a fool to silence,
And spurn poor Brutus from thee.
Val. What is this?
Let me look nearer at thee. Is thy mind,
That long-lost jewel, found? and Lucius Junius,
Dear to my heart, restored? Or art thou Brutus,
The scoff and jest of Rome, and this a fit
Of intermittent reason?
Bru. I am Brutus!
Folly, be thou my goddess! I am Brutus,
If thou wilt use me so; if not, farewell!
Why dost thou pause? Look on me! I have limbs,
Parts and proportions, shoulders strong to bear,
And hands not slow to strike! What more than Brutus
Could Lucius Junius do?
Val. A cause like ours
Asks both the strength of Brutus, and the wisdom
Of Lucius Junius.
Bru. No more—we're interrupted.
Val. Farewell. Hereafter, we'll discourse.
And may the gods confirm the hope you've raised! [*Exit.*
Bru. My soul expands! My spirit swells within me,

As if the glorious moment were at hand!
Sure this is Sextus. Why has he left the camp—
Alone—and muffled?

Enter SEXTUS, *wrapped in a mantle.*

Welcome, gentle prince!

Sex. Ha! Brutus here!—unhoused amid the storm?

Bru. Whence com'st thou, prince? from battle? from the camp?

Sex. Not from the camp, good Brutus—from Collatia—
The camp of Venus, not of Mars, good Brutus.

Bru. Ha!

Sex. Why dost thou start? Thy kinswoman, Lucretia—

Bru. Well, what of her? speak!

Sex. Ay, I will speak,
And I'll speak that shall fill thee with more wonder,
Than all the lying oracle declared.

Bru. Nay, prince, not so; you cannot do a deed
To make me wonder.

Sex. Indeed! Dost think it?
Then let me tell thee, Brutus; wild with passion
For this famed matron,—though we met but once,—
Last night I stole in secret from the camp,
Where, in security, I left her husband.
She was alone. I said affairs of consequence
Had brought me to Collatia. She received me
As the king's son, and as her husband's friend—

Bru. [*Aside*] Patience, O heart!—a moment longer, patience!

Sex. When midnight came, I crept into her chamber—

Bru. [*Aside*] Inhuman monster!

Sex. Alarmed and frantic,
She shrieked out, 'Collatinus! Husband! Help!'
A slave rushed in—I sprung upon the caitiff,
And drove my dagger through his clamorous throat;
Then, turning to Lucretia, now half dead
With terror, swore, by all the gods, at once,

If she resisted, to the heart I'ld stab her;
Yoke her fair body to the dying slave,
And fix pollution to her name forever!

Bru. And—and—the matron?—

Sex. Was mine!

Bru. The furies curse you then! lash you with snakes!
When forth you walk, may the red flaming sun
Strike you with livid plagues!
Vipers, that die not, slowly gnaw your heart!
May earth be to you but one wilderness!
May you hate yourself,
For death pray hourly, yet be in tortures
Millions of years expiring!

Sex. Amazement! What can mean this sudden frenzy?

Bru. What? Violation! Do we dwell in dens,
In caverned rocks, or amongst men in Rome?
[*Thunder and lightning become very violent.*
Hear the loud curse of heaven! 'Tis not for nothing
The thunderer keeps this coil above your head!
Look on that ruin! See your father's statue
Unhorsed and headless! Tremble at the omen!

Sex. This is not madness. Ha! my dagger lost!
Wretch! thou shalt not escape me. Ho! a guard!
The rack shall punish thee. A guard, I say! [*Exit.*

Bru. The blow is struck! the anxious messages
To Collatinus and his friends, explained:
And now, Rome's liberty or loss is certain!
I'll hasten to Collatia, join my kinsmen.
To the moon, folly! Vengeance, I embrace thee! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Collatia. An apartment in the house of Collatinus.*

Enter LUCRETIA, COLLATINUS, LUCRETIUS, Attendants *and others.*

Luc. Bear witness, then, Lucretia's mind is guiltless.

Yet never can Lucretia smile again.
Lost to herself, her husband, and her child;
Lost to the world, her country, and her friends;
The arms of love can pillow her no more,
And the sweet smile of her dear innocent babe
Would but awaken her to deeper anguish.
And shall she live, bereft of all life's treasures,
The spectre of the past forever rising
To fright her into madness? Think not, countrymen,
Indignant virtue can survive pollution.
By her own hand a Roman wife can fall. [*Stabs herself.*
'Tis to the heart! Tarquin, the blow was thine! [*Falls.*

Col. Beloved, unhappy wife! What hast thou done?

Luc. A deed of glory. Now, my husband, now
With transport can I press thee to my bosom.
Father and kinsmen, ye can own me now!
My pure soul springs from its detested prison!
Virtue exults! The gods applaud my daring!
And to our dear, loved babe, I can bequeath
A mother's noblest gift—a spotless name! [*Dies.*

Lucretius. Staff of my age—gone, gone, forever gone!
A wretched father's last and only joy!
Come, death, strike here; your shaft were welcome now!
Snatch me from earth to my poor, lost, loved child!

Col. My wife! my wife! Dear, dear, wronged, murdered wife!
Let me be rooted here in endless sorrow.
Who, who shall dare to mourn her loss like me?

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. I dare,—and so dare every honest Roman.

Luc. Whence comes this mad intrusion? Hence, begone!

Bru. The noble spirit fled! How died Lucretia?

Val. By her own hand she died!

Bru. Heroic matron!
Now, now the hour is come! By this one blow

Her name's immortal, and her country saved.
Hail! dawn of glory! [*Snatching the dagger*] Hail, thou sacred weapon!
Virtue's deliverer, hail!
Hear, Romans, hear! did not the Sibyl tell you,
A fool should set Rome free? I am that fool.
Brutus bids Rome be free!
Val. What can this mean?
Bru. It means that Lucius Junius has thrown off
The mask of madness, and his soul rides forth
On the destroying whirlwind, to avenge
The wrongs of that bright excellence and Rome.
Luc. Can this be Lucius Junius?
Val. Ha! the voice
Of inspiration speaks.
Col. O glorious Brutus,
Let me in tears adore the bounteous gods
Who have restored thee to redress my woes;
And, in my woes, my country.
Bru. No more of this.
Stand not in wonder. Every instant now
Is precious to your cause. Rise! Snatch your arms! [*Kneels.*
Hear me, great Jove! and thou, paternal Mars,
And spotless Vesta! To the death, I swear
My burning vengeance shall pursue these Tarquins.
Ne'er shall my limbs know rest till they are swept
From off the earth, which groans beneath their infamy.
This, from the bottom of my soul, I swear! [*Rises.*
Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius, all,
Here I adjure ye by this fatal dagger,
All stained and reeking with her sacred blood,
Be partners in my oath, revenge her fall!
All. We swear!
Bru. Well have ye said: and, O, methinks I see
The hovering spirit of the murdered matron

Look down and bow her airy head to bless you.
Summon your slaves, and bear the body hence
High in the view, through all the streets of Rome,
Up to the Forum. On! The least delay
May draw down ruin, and defeat our glory.
On, Romans, on! The fool shall set you free!

[*Exit.—Scene closed in.*

SCENE III. *Rome. The palace of Tullia.*

Enter FLAVIUS CORUNNA, *meeting* HORATIUS.

Cor. My lord, my lord! Quick, tell me, where is Tullia?
Hor. Whence this alarm? what wouldst thou?
Cor. Rebellion rages—
Hor. Rebellion?
Cor. Lucretia,
The wife of Collatinus, is no more.
The furious multitude have borne her body
With shouts of vengeance through the streets of Rome,
And 'Sextus Tarquin,' is the general cry.
Hor. Where are thy troops? why dost thou dally here,
When thou shouldst pay their insolence with death?
Cor. The soldiers join the throng, the gates are closed,
And the mad crowd exclaim, 'We banish Tarquin.'
Brutus is at their head, and leads them on.
Hor. What miracle is this? How say'st thou, Brutus?
Cor. Ay, the fool Brutus. Now before the rostrum
The body of Lucretia is exposed,
And Brutus there harangues assembled Rome.
He waves aloft
The bloody dagger; all the people hear him
With wildest admiration and applause;
He speaks as if he held the souls of men
In his own hand, and moulded them at pleasure.
They look on him as they would view a god,

Who, from a darkness which invested him,
Springs forth, and, knitting his stern brow in frowns,
Proclaims the vengeful will of angry Jove.
Hor. Fly through the city; gather all the force
You can assemble, and straight hasten hither;
I'll to the queen. Lose not a moment! Hence!
I tremble for Rome's safety! Haste!—begone! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *The Forum.*

BRUTUS *upon the Forum, with the dead body of* LUCRETIA *before him.* COLLATINUS, LUCRETIUS, VALERIUS *and others discovered. The populace fill the stage.*

Bru. Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story;
And now, to say one word of the imposture,
The mask necessity has made me wear.
When the ferocious malice of your king,—
King, do I call him?—when the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as most of you may well remember,
My father Marcus and my elder brother,
Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power,
But in the false face I have worn so long?
First Rom. Most wonderful!
Sec. Rom. Silence! he speaks again.
Bru. Would you know why I summoned you together?
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was formed,
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue,
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,

And never-resting thought is all on fire,
The worthiest of the worthy. Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks,
And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her. The young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful,
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose,—
How from the shade of those ill-neighbouring plants
Her father sheltered her, that not a leaf
Was blighted, but, arrayed in purest grace,
She bloomed unsullied beauty. Such perfections
Might have called back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
Might have abashed the boldest libertine,
And turned desire to reverential love
And holiest affection. O my countrymen,
You all can witness when that she went forth,—
It was a holiday in Rome, old age
Forgot its crutch, labour its task,—all ran;
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
'There, there's Lucretia.' Now, look ye, where she lies.
That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone, gone, gone!

All. Sextus shall die!

Bru. But then, the king, his father—

First Rom. What shall be done with him?

Sec. Rom. Speak, Brutus!

Third Rom. Tell us, tell us!

Bru. Say, would you seek instruction? would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
Which saw his poisoned brother, saw the incest
Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge!
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove

O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound,—Revenge, Revenge!

All. Revenge! Revenge!

Bru. And we will be revenged, my countrymen!
Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.

First Rom. Live, Brutus!

Sec. Rom. Valiant Brutus!

Third Rom. Down with Tarquin!

Sec. Rom. We'll have no Tarquins!

First Rom. We will have a Brutus!

Third Rom. Let's to the Capitol, and shout for Brutus!

Bru. I your king?
Brutus your king? No, fellow-citizens;
If mad ambition in this guilty frame
Had strung one kingly fibre,—yea, but one—
By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.

Val. Then I am with thee, noble, noble Brutus.
Brutus, the new restored, Brutus, by Sibyl,
By Pythian prophetess foretold, shall lead us!

Bru. Now take the body up; bear it before us
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,
And in the blazing conflagration, rear
A pile for these chaste relics that shall send
Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads you!

[*Exeunt; the curtain falls; the mob shout.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Tarquin's palace. A court. In the front, a grand entrance, with folding gates.*

Enter TULLIA.

Tul. Gods! whither shall a frantic mother fly?
Accursed siege of Ardea! Tarquin, Tarquin,
Where art thou! Save thy wife, thy son, thy city!

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Where is the prince,—where's Sextus?
Tul. Where? O heavens!
His madness hath undone us! Where is Sextus?
Perhaps ev'n now the barbarous ruffians hurl him
Alive into the flames, or, piece-meal, drag
Along the rebel streets his mangled trunk—
Tit. No more! I'll save him, or avenge— [*Going.*

Enter HORATIUS, *who meets Titus, and stops him.*

Hor. Turn, noble Roman, turn;
Set not your life upon a desperate stake. [*Shouts within.*
Hark! they are at thy gates! [*Shouts within.*
Tul. Does my son live?
Hor. Furious he sprang upon the rebel throng,
And hewed his desperate passage. But the time
Admits no further question—Save yourself!
Tul. Who leads them on?
Hor. Your new-named fool, your Brutus.
Tit. Death! my father?
Tul. Brutus in arms!
O Sibyl! O, my fate! Farewell to greatness,
I've heard my doom!

Tit. Earth, earth, enclose me! [*Continued shouts within.*

Tul. Hark! it bursts upon us!

Hor. Ha! nearer yet. Now be propitious, Mars!
Now nerve my arm with more than mortal fury,
Till the dissembler sink beneath its vengeance. [*Exit.*

Tul. Fly, save my child! save my—save your Tarquinia!

Tit. Or die defending. [*Exit.*

[*The shouts and tumult become very violent, and battering at the gate and wall commences.*

Tul. Ah! if amidst my legions I might fall,
Death were not then inglorious; but to perish
By the vile scum of Rome—hunted by dogs—
Baited to death by brawling, base mechanics—
Shame insupportable!

[*Shouts. The gate and wall are shattered down; the palaces behind are in flames.*

Enter Soldiers *and* Citizens, *rushing over the ruins;* BRUTUS *appears in the midst of them, and advances to the front.*

Bru. Seize the parricide! [*They advance and surround Tullia.*

Tul. Avaunt! I am your queen.

Bru. Tarquins, we cast you from us.

Tul. Give me a sword, and let me fall like Tullia.

Bru. No, we reserve our swords for nobler uses
Than to make war with women; to the Tarquins,
To your adulterous son we leave that shame.

Tul. If then 'twill better sate thy cruelty,
Precipitate me quick into those flames,
And with the wreck of empire mix my ashes.

Bru. Take her to Rhea's temple; take her hence,
And lodge her with her ancestors!

Tul. Ye gods!
My father's sepulchre! I'll not approach it!

Bru. 'Twill furnish wholesome recollection. Hence!

Tul. Not to that fatal place! Send me not thither!

Bru. 'Tis fixed.

Tul. Choose the most loathsome dungeon—there confine me,
Or give me death instead. My heart recoils
Against that temple.

Bru. There, and only there,
By your dead father's tomb, you must abide
The judgement of the state.

Tul. Then, by the gods,
Whom, for the last time, I invoke,
If no means else
Of ready death present themselves,
No particle of food shall pass these lips,
Till, in the void of nature, hungry madness
With blank oblivion entering, shall confound
And cancel all perception.

[*Exit Tullia, guarded; Brutus is following—*

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Turn, O my father,
And look upon thy son!

Bru. What wouldst thou? speak.

Tit. If thou hast reason, O have mercy also;
But if in madness thou hast done this deed—

Bru. I am not mad, but as the lion is,
When he breaks down the toils that tyrant craft
Hath spread to catch him. Think not we will suffer
These monsters to profane the air of heaven.
Shall Titus, then, oppose our great design?
Shall Brutus meet a recreant in his son?
Banish this folly! Have a care! I know thee;
There is a lurking passion at thy heart,
Which leaves but half a soul for Rome and me!

Tit. You wrong me. Like a Roman I exult
To see Lucretia's murder thus avenged,
And like a son glory in such a father!

Yet hear me through, nay, do not frown, but hear me.

Bru. Go on; confess thy weakness, and dismiss it.

Tit. 'Twas in the sleep of my dear father's reason,
When Tarquin's freedman, in a saucy mood,
Vented vile jests at thy unhappy weakness;
Stung to the quick, I snatched a weapon up,
And felled him to my foot.

Bru. Why, 'twas well done.
The knave was saucy, and you slew him. On!

Tit. 'Twas on this very spot Tarquinia stood,
And when the wrathful father had denounced
Immediate death on this my filial act,
She with the tongue of interceding pity,
And tears that streamed in concert with her suit,
Implored, prevailed, and gave me life—and love.

Bru. 'Tis well. Behold, I give her life for life:
Rome may be free, although Tarquinia lives.
This I concede; but more if thou attemptest,—
By all the gods!—nay, if thou dost not take
Her image, though with smiling Cupids decked,
And pluck it from thy heart, there to receive
Rome and her glories in without a rival,
Thou art no son of mine, thou art no Roman. [*Exit.*

Enter TARQUINIA.

Tar. Save, save me, Titus! O, amid the crash
Of falling palaces, preserve Tarquinia!
Or, do I meet in thee a double rebel,
Traitor alike to me and to your king?
Speak, I conjure thee! Will the son of Brutus
Now take me to his pity and protection,
Or stab with perfidy the heart that loves him?

Tit. Cruel suspicion! O, adored Tarquinia,
I live but to preserve you! You are free:
I have my father's sanction for your safety!

Tar. I scorn a life that is preserved by Brutus!
I scorn to outlive parents, brothers, friends!
I'll die with those
Whom this dire night hath murdered!
Tit. Who are murdered?
Whom hath the sword of Brutus slain? Not one
Of all thy kindred—
Tar. Say'st thou? Lives my mother?
Tit. She lives, and Sextus, even he escapes
The storm which he has raised, and flies to Ardea.
Tar. Speed him, ye gods, with eagle swiftness thither!
And may those thunders which how shake the walls
Of tottering Ardea, like a whirlwind burst
On this devoted city, 'whelm its towers,
And crush the traitorous hive beneath their ruins.
Now, Titus, where is now thy promised faith?
Didst thou not swear no dangers should divide us?
Tit. I did; and, constant to my oath, behold me
Thy faithful guardian in this night of terrors.
Tar. Be still my guardian; snatch me from these terrors,
Bear me to Ardea, be the friend of nature,
And give the rescued daughter to the arms
Of her protecting parent; thus you gain
The praise of men, the blessings of the gods,
And all that honour, all that love can grant.
Tit. Despair! Distraction! Whither shall I turn me?
Tar. Why do you waver? Cast away this weakness;
Be glorious in your cruelty, and leave me.
By all the demons who prepare the heart
To rush upon the self-destroying steel,
The same dire moment which gives thee to Brutus,
Gives me to death.
Tit. Horror! Tarquinia, hold!
Tar. Lo! I am armed. Farewell! How I have loved you,
My death shall witness; how you have deceived me,

Let your own conscience tell. Now to your father!
Now go and mingle with the murderers;
Go, teach those fiends what perjury can do,
And show your hands bathed in Tarquinia's blood:
The filial deed shall welcome you to Brutus,
And fill his gloomy soul with savage joy.

Tit. Take, take me hence forever! Let me lose,
In these dear arms, the very name of son,
All claims of nature, every sense but love!

Tar. The gods that guard the majesty of Rome,
And that sweet power, whose influence turns thy heart
To pity and compliance, shall reward
And bless thee for the deed.

Tit. Can he be blest
On whom a father's direful curse shall fall?

Tar. A madman's imprecation is no curse.
Be a man.

Tit. O, while thy love upholds me, I can stand
Against the world's contempt; remember, only,
For whose dear sake I am undone; remember,
My heart was honour's once—

Tar. And shall be ever!
Come, I will show thee where bright honour grows,
Where thou shalt pluck it from the topmost branch,
And wear it in its freshest, fairest bloom. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. A street.*

Enter HORATIUS *and* CELIUS.

Hor. Brutus and Collatinus are appointed
To sovereign sway, as consuls for the year.
Their self-elected senate meets to-morrow,
Though some remain, too honest for their views.
These for security exact conditions,

They ask a chief, whose well-established fame
May win the hearts of this inconstant people,—
A chief so brave, that, should we prove victorious,
He may compel the king to keep his faith,
Or, if we fall, boldly revenge our deaths.
And such a chief I've found.

Cel. Indeed! In whom?

Hor. The consul's son, his much-loved son, young Titus.

Cel. What! to rebel against his father's power?

Hor. Ay, he is ours. This very night, Tarquinia
Will lead him forth to the Quirinal gate,
Whence they straight hasten to the camp at Ardea.
Impetuous youth is wrought upon with ease.
Though 'tis his father's frown upon his love,
And early vows pledged to the fair Tarquinia,
Alone which prompt him thus to lead our band;
Once in our power, we'll mould him to our ends.
His very name will prove a tower of strength,
And Rome, once more, shall be restored to Tarquin.

Cel. Bravely resolved! But tell me, where is Tullia?

Hor. A captive, and confined in Rhea's temple;
Watched by the vestals, who there guard the flame
Upon the tomb where lies her murdered father.
Unhappy Tullia! our swords shall soon release thee.
Come! Hence at once! The hour draws near. Away!
Ere two days pass these reptiles shall be crushed,
And humbled Rome sue for its monarch's pardon. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LUCRETIUS *and* VALERIUS.

Val. That was Horatius 'parted, was it not?

Luc. The same.

Val. Am I deceived? Methinks I heard
Something like discontent and treason muttered.

Luc. I fear all is not safe. Assembled groups
Of Tarquin's friends have been seen close in conference

Muttering his name aloud; ay, and some base,
Degenerate Romans called for a surrender.
Val. Horatius' arts may justly wake suspicion:
And Rome, we know, is still disgraced by many
Too base, too sordid to be bravely free.
Let us go forth and double all the guards,
See their steps watched, and intercept their malice.
Luc. Nay, there's a safer course than that; arrest them.
Val. The laws and rights we've sworn to guard, forbid it.
Let them be watched; we must not venture farther.
To arrest a Roman upon bare surmise,
Would be at once to imitate the tyrant
Whom we renounce, and from his throne have driven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. The temple of Rhea. A large door leading to the tomb of Servius Tullius, late king of Rome.*

Enter the PRIESTESS OF RHEA, *meeting the* Virgins *of the temple.*

Pr. Daughters of Rhea, since the lords of Rome
Have to your holy hands consigned the charge
Of their now captive Queen, inform the Priestess
How your sad prisoner abides her durance.
Is her proud soul yet humbled, or, indignant,
Doth it still breathe defiance and contempt?
Vir. Sullen and silent, she resolves on death:
She will not taste of nourishment. She comes.

Enter TULLIA.

Pr. I pray you, royal lady, be entreated—
Tul. I tell you, no!
Pr. Think what a train of weary hours have passed
Since you had taste of food.
Tul. 'Tis well!
The fewer are to come.

Pr. How can you live to meet your royal husband,
To fold your children in your arms again,
If you resist support?
Tul. Ha! well remembered!
What news from Ardea? Will he march for Rome?
Hark! Do you hear his trumpet? Is he coming?
Ay, this is hope, and worth the feeding.
'Tis well, 'tis well!
But, tell me, doth the king know of this kindness?
Pr. What king?
Tul. What king?
Brutus, the king of Rome. Knows he of this?
Pr. He does.
Tul. And would he I should live?
Pr. He would.
Tul. Merciful villain!
Yes, he would have me live to page his triumphs.
I know the utmost of his mercy.
Subtle traitor!
I'll not taste food, though immortality
Were grafted to each atom—Hark! What's that?
Heard you that groan?
Pr. It is your fancy's coinage.
Tul. Again! 'Tis deep and hollow:
It issues from the vault! Set the door open!
Open, I say!
Pr. It is your father's sepulchre.
Tul. My father! righteous gods! I killed my father!
Horrible retribution!
Pr. Wretched daughter,
If thou hast done this deed, prepare thy spirit,
By wholesome meditation, for atonement,
And let no passion interrupt the task
Of penitence and prayer.
Tul. I'll pray no more.

There is no mercy in the skies for murder;
Therefore no praying, none.
I have a plea for my impenitence—
Madness.
These groans have made me mad; all the night through
They howled distraction to my sleepless brain.
You've shut me up with furies to torment me,
And starved me into madness. Hark! again!
Unbar the door! Unbar it! By the gods,
The voice is more than human, which I hear!
I'll enter there, I will be satisfied,
Although the confirmation should present
His awful form.

[*She rushes forward. The Priestess and Vestals, in alarm, spring to the bar, which, falling with a crash, the door flies open, and discovers a monumental figure of Servius Tullius. Tullia recoils, shrieks, falls, and expires. The curtain falls.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Temple of Mars.*

BRUTUS *and* COLLATINUS, *as Consuls, with* LICTORS, VALERIUS, LUCRETIUS, *and numerous followers, discovered.*

Bru. You judge me rightly, friends. The purpled robe,
The curule chair, the lictors' keen-edged axe,
Rejoice not Brutus; 'tis his country's freedom.
When once that freedom shall be firmly rooted,
Then, with redoubled pleasure, will your consul
Exchange the splendid miseries of power,
For the calm comforts of a happy home.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. All health to Rome, her senate, and her consuls.

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To fold your children in your arms again,
If you resist support?
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Mes. All health to Rome, her senate, and her consuls.

Bru. Speak on! What message hast thou to impart?
Mes. I bring intelligence of Sextus Tarquin,
Who, on arriving at a neighbouring village,
Was known, and by the people stoned to death. [*Exit.*
Bru. Now, Lucretia,
Thy ghost may cease to wander o'er the earth,
And rest in peace!
Luc. Heaven's ways are just!
Col. Yet I regret the villain should be slain
By any hand but mine.

Enter a Centurion.

Cent. Health to Brutus!
Shame and confusion to the foes of Rome!
Bru. Now, without preface, to your business.
Cent. As I kept watch at the Quirinal gate,
Ere break of day, an armed company
Burst on the sudden through the barrier guard,
Pushing their course for Ardea. Straight alarmed,
I wheeled my cohort round, and charged 'em home.
Sharp was the conflict for awhile, and doubtful,
Till, on the seizure of Tarquinia's person,
A young Patrician—
Bru. Ha! Patrician?
Cent. Such
His dress bespoke him, though to me unknown.
Bru. Proceed! What more!
Cent. The lady being taken,
This youth, the life and leader of the band,
His sword high waving in the act to strike,
Dropt his uplifted weapon, and at once
Yielded himself my prisoner. O, Valerius,
What have I said, that thus the consul changes?
Bru. Why do you pause? Go on.
Cent. Their leader seized,

The rest surrendered. Him, a settled gloom
Possesses wholly, nor, as I believe,
Hath a word passed his lips, to all my questions
Still obstinately shut.

Bru. Bring him before us. [*Exit Centurion.*

Val. O, my brave friend, horror invades my heart.

Bru. Silence, be calm.

Val. I know thy soul
A compound of all excellence, and pray
The mighty gods to put thee to no trial
Beyond a mortal bearing.

Bru. No, they will not—
Nay, be secure,—they cannot. Prithee, friend,
Look out, and if the worst that can befall me
Be verified, turn back and give some sign
What thou hast seen,—thou canst excuse this weakness,
Being thyself a father. [*Valerius gives the sign.*
Ha! Enough:
I understand thee. Since it must be so,
Do your great pleasure, gods! Now, now it comes!

TITUS *and* TARQUINIA *are brought in, guarded. Titus advances, Tarquinia remains in the background.*

Tit. My father! Give me present death, ye powers!

Cent. What have I done? Art thou the son of Brutus?

Tit. No, Brutus scorns to father such a son!
O, venerable judge, wilt thou not speak?
Turn not away; hither direct thine eyes,
And look upon this sorrow-stricken form,
Then to thine own great heart remit my plea,
And doom as nature dictates.

Val. Peace, you'll anger him!
Be silent, and await! O, suffering mercy,
Plead in a father's heart, and speak for nature!

[*Brutus turns away from his son, and waves his hand to the Centurion to remove him to a farther distance.*

Bru. Come hither, Collatinus. The deep wound
You suffered in the loss of your Lucretia,
Demanded more than fortitude to bear;
I saw your agony, I felt your woe.

Col. You more than felt it, you revenged it too.

Bru. But, ah! my brother consul, your Lucretia
Fell nobly, as a Roman spirit should;
She fell, a model of transcendent virtue.

Col. My mind misgives. What dost thou aim at, Brutus?

Bru. That youth—my Titus—was my age's hope;
I loved him more than language can express;
I thought him born to dignify the world.

Col. My heart bleeds for you! He may yet be saved—

Bru. Consul, for Rome I live, not for myself:
I dare not trust my firmness in this crisis,
Warring 'gainst every thing my soul holds dear.
Therefore return without me to the senate;
Haply my presence might restrain their justice.
Look that these traitors meet their trial straight,
And then despatch a messenger to tell me
How the wise fathers have disposed of——Go!

[*Collatinus goes out, attended, and as Brutus is departing, Tarquinia rushes forward.*

Tar. Stop,—turn and hear the daughter of your king!
I speak for justice,—mercy, thou hast none,—
For him, your son.
By gratitude and love, I drew him off.
I preserved his life,—
Who shall condemn him for protecting mine?

Bru. We try the crime; the motive, heaven will judge.
My honour he hath stabbed,—I pardon that.
He hath done more,—he hath betrayed his country.
That is a crime which every honest heart
That beats for freedom, every Roman feels,
And the full stream of justice must have way.

Tar. Because thy soul was never swayed by love,
Canst thou not credit what his bosom felt?
Bru. I can believe that beauty such as thine
May urge a thousand fascinating snares
To lure the wavering and confound the weak;
But what is honour, which a sigh can shake?
What is his virtue, whom a tear can melt?
Truth, valour, justice, constancy of soul,—
These are the attributes of manly natures.
Be woman e'er so beauteous, man was made
For nobler uses than to be her slave.
Tar. Hard, unrelenting man! Are these the fruits
Of filial piety, and hath thy son
Wearied the gods with prayers, till they restored
A mind, and gave thee reason? Would to heaven
They'ld given thee mercy, too! 'twould more become thee
Than these new ensigns, Brutus; more than all
Thy lictors, haughty consul, or thy robes
Dipped in the blood—O horror!—of a son.
Bru. No more! By all the gods, I'll hear no more!
Tit. A word, for pity's sake. Before thy feet,
Humbled in soul, thy son and prisoner kneels.
Love is my plea, a father is my judge,
Nature my advocate; I can no more.
If these will not appease a parent's heart,
Strike through them all, and lodge thy vengeance here!
Bru. Break off! I will not, cannot hear thee further!
The affliction nature hath imposed on Brutus,
Brutus will suffer as he may. Enough
That we enlarge Tarquinia. Go, be free!
Centurion, give her conduct out of Rome!
Lictors, secure your prisoner. Point your axes.
To the senate—On! [*Exeunt Brutus and Guards.*
Cent. Come, lady, you must part.
Tar. Part! Must we part?

You must not tear him from me; I will die
Embracing the sad ruin I have made.

Cent. You've heard the consul.

Tar. Thou hast heard the king,
Fought for him while he led you on to conquest:
Thou art a soldier, and shouldst spurn an office
Which malefactors, though condemned for murder,
Would rather die by torture than perform.

Tit. If thou dost wish
That I should 'scape the peril of my fate,
I conjure thee to accord
To Brutus, and accept his promised safeguard.
Your words, your looks, your beauty, feed his wrath;
In that fair face he reads my guilty love,
And pity flies his heart. Let passion pause;
Leave me to solitude, to silence leave me;
Then nature's gentlest whispers may be heard.

Tar. Say'st thou? Conduct me to the dreariest waste
That ever melancholy madness trod,
And let my swelling heart in silence burst;
Plunge me in darkness, shroud this fatal form
In everlasting night, I am content!
Lo! I obey! This is the test of love:
This is the sacrifice: I part to save thee!

[*She faints.—The Centurion advances.*

Tit. See, I am warned. Farewell, my life's last joy!
When my eyes lose thy image, they may look
On death without dismay. To those blessed powers
Who gave thee every virtue, every grace
That can ensure perfection, I commit thee. [*Scene closed in.*

SCENE II. *Rome. Brutus' house.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. Like a lost, guilty wretch, I look around

And start at every footstep, lest it bring
The fatal news of my poor son's conviction.
O Rome, thou little know'st—No more—It comes.

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. My friend, the senate have to thee transferred
The right of judgement on thy son's offence.
Bru. To me!
Val. To thee alone.
Bru. What of the rest?
Val. Their sentence is already passed.
E'en now, perhaps, the lictor's dreaded hand
Cuts off their forfeit lives.
Bru. Say'st thou that the senate have to me referred
The fate of Titus?
Val. Such is their sovereign will.
They think you merit this distinguished honour:
A father's grief deserves to be revered.
Rome will approve whatever you decree.
Bru. And is his guilt established beyond doubt?
Val. Too clearly.
Bru. O, ye gods! ye gods! Valerius!
Val. What wouldst thou, noble Roman?
Bru. 'Tis said thou hast pulled down thine house, Valerius,
The stately pile that with such cost was reared.
Val. I have; but what doth Brutus then infer?
Bru. It was a goodly structure: I remember
How fondly you surveyed its rising grandeur,
With what a fatherly delight you summoned
Each grace and ornament, that might enrich
The child of your creation, till it swelled
To an imperial size, and overpeered
The petty citizens, that humbly dwelt
Under its lofty walls, in huts and hovels,
Like emmets at the foot of tow'ring Ætna!

Father, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Bru. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that strain the very strings of life;
Let these convince you that no other cause
Could force a father thus to wrong his nature.

Tit. O hold, thou violated majesty! [*Rises.*
I now submit with calmness to my fate.
Come forth, ye executioners of justice,
Come, take my life, and give it to my country!

Bru. Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods
Arm thee with patience in this awful hour.
The sovereign magistrate of injured Rome
Condemns
A crime, thy father's bleeding heart forgives.
Go, meet thy death with a more manly courage
Than grief now suffers me to show in parting;
And, while she punishes, let Rome admire thee!
Farewell! Eternally farewell!

Tit. O, Brutus! O, my father!

Bru. What wouldst thou say, my son?

Tit. Wilt thou forgive me?
When I shall be no more, forget not my Tarquinia.

Bru. Leave her to my care.

Tit. Farewell, forever!

Bru. Forever! [*Re-ascends the Tribunal.*
Lictors, attend! Conduct your prisoner forth!

Val. Whither?

Bru. To death! When you do reach the spot,
My hand shall wave your signal for the act,
Then let the trumpet's sound proclaim it done!

[*Titus is conducted out by the Lictors. A dead march, which gradually dies away as it becomes more distant. Brutus remains seated on the Tribunal.*

Poor youth! Thy pilgrimage is at an end!
A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink
Of that tremendous precipice, whose depth
No thought of man can fathom. Justice now
Demands her victim! A little moment,
And I am childless. One effort, and 'tis past!—

[*He rises and waves his hand; three sounds of the trumpet are heard; he descends to the front, looks out on the side by which Titus departed, and exclaims—*

Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free!

[*He falls; the characters group around him, and the curtain descends.*

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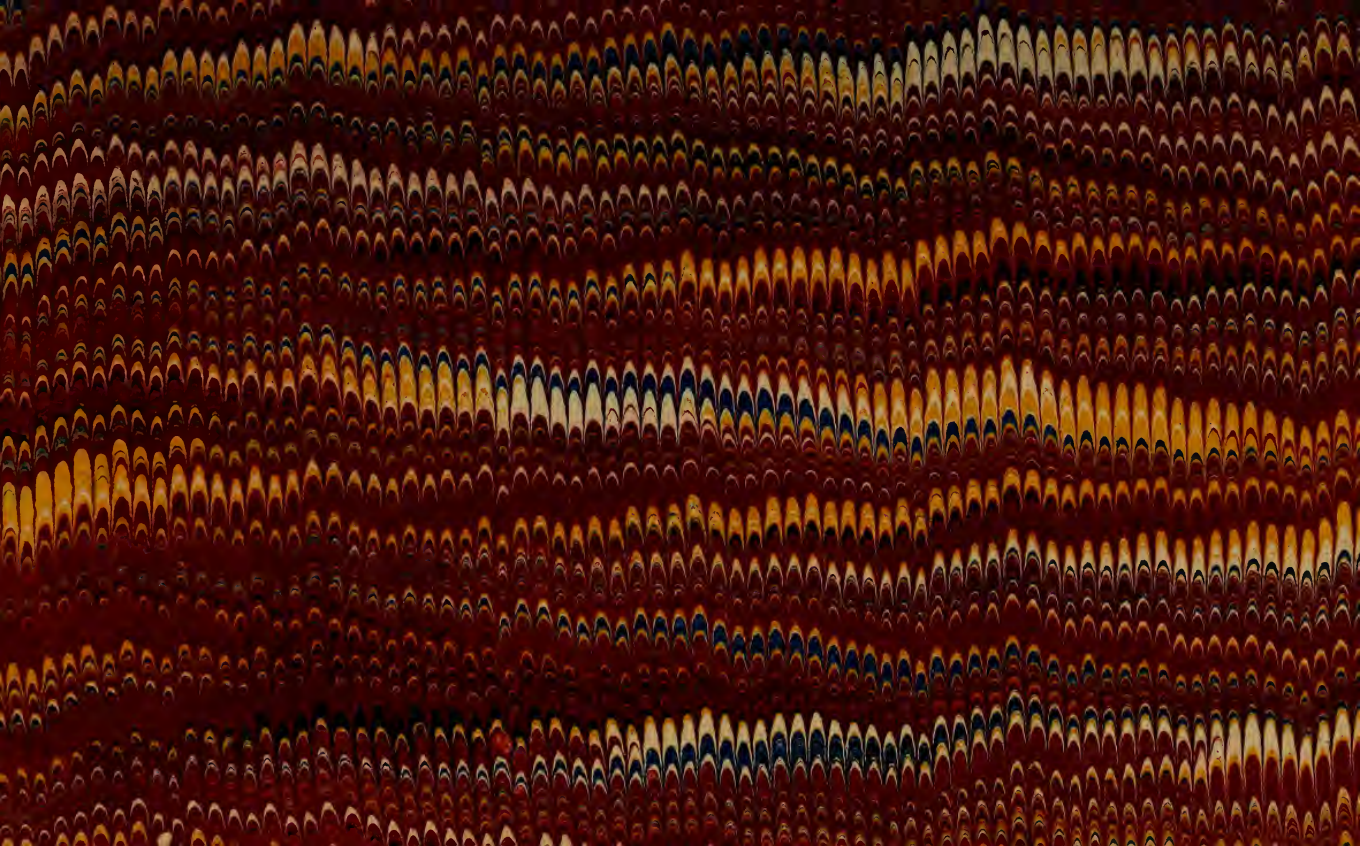
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